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# The Owl, vol. 5, no. 3

Santa Clara University student body

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Vol. IV.

MAY, 1872.

No. 3.

# THE OWL

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO  
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY

THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE



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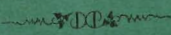
1872.

## CONTENTS:

	Page
THE TRIALS OF A STUDENT.....	287
ALMA MATER.....	289
THE WORLD NOT AS OLD AS IT IS RECKONED TO BE.....	292
THE PIRATES.....	294
DIED IN HIS BOOTS.....	297
*Αφιξις ἐπὶ τὸν Ὅγιον Ἰωσήφ.....	301
COLLEGE BOYS OUT HUNTING.....	302
SPRING.....	309
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLIP OF PAPER.....	310
LETTER FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.....	315
IDLE NOTES,.....	318
EDITOR'S TABLE,.....	322
OLIO,.....	324
TABLE OF HONOR.....	325

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# THE OWL.

Vol. V

MAY, 1872.

No. 3.

## THE TRIALS OF A STUDENT.

J. POUJADE, (1st Rhetoric.

O SADLY sing, ye sacred nine—  
Sing these perplexities of mine!  
Give me one touch of Homer's *fastion*,  
Give but one draught from fount Parnassian—  
Oh that my wit were sharpened till all edge,  
To paint the trials  
And sad denials  
(Not self-denials) that come in College!

There's Mathematics. What a crime  
To mention such a thing in rhyme!  
With theorems, or harder fact,  
How many heads are sadly cracked!  
How in one's skull they jolt and jangle!  
They twist and turn,—  
My brain they burn,—  
Cube, sphere and circle, square, triangle.

They haunt me even,—those dreadful themes,—  
When sweet vacation comes in dreams.  
I spend midst green fields happy hours,  
Breathing fresh air and culling flowers;  
But quick they form in horrid line,  
And chase away  
My dreamings gay,—  
Cotangent, tangent, sine, cosine.



I wish I knew my morrow's Latin !  
And oh, how dearly I wish that in  
My head were Tuesday's frightful Greek,  
With all its rusty names antique !  
But whilst my classic lines I say,  
    My mind turns sadly  
    To days spent gladly  
In gay vacations, far away.

I fancy some green rural place  
Where nature wears her sweetest face ;  
I call fresh roses at the dawn,  
Before their sweetest sweets are gone,  
And pansies gay, and lilies fair ;  
    Whilst lyric song  
    The woods among,  
With love's own music fills the air.

But, by the way, before vacation—  
(O Jupiter!)—EXAMINATION ;  
When stern Professors, strong arrayed,  
Make e'en one's very soul afraid.  
They pounce right down, with some true "poser,"  
    Then, frowning grandly,  
    They say, so blandly,  
"You've gained, (or lost) sir ; you may go, sir."

But let us sing no more of sorrow ;  
We hope a gayer, brighter morrow.  
Instead of *theories* of light,  
We'll *practise* star-lit walks at night ;  
Remember naught of gravitation,  
    Compounds organic,  
    Or shocks galvanic,  
But drive such thoughts from gay vacation.

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## ALMA MATER.

W. A. CORNWALL.

THIS is the familiar and endearing epithet which the graduate bestows upon the institution of learning to whose fostering care he is indebted for the qualities which fit him for the Battle of Life—for, life (whether it be employed in the arts of peace or of war) is an incessant and irrepressible conflict.

Everywhere, to whatever work we may be assigned, high courage and fidelity to duty are indispensable to success.

Use and custom have made the title of *Alma Mater* venerable. Its literal signification is "cherished mother." It is a title claimed and borne as proudly by Eton as by Oxford, Harvard and Yale, and by all the universities dedicated to learning, in Europe and America.

The student or neophyte, conning his lessons of duty under the protecting shadow of this temple of learning, or meditating in its classic shades, scarcely foresees the sorrow which may come upon him when he is summoned to quit them

for ever—when, at last, his *Alma Mater* yields him up from her protecting arms, and sends him forth upon a shoreless sea, without any other compass or guide than the lessons of faith and duty which she has instilled into his heart. Nor does the scholar, encircled by these sweet influences, realize the affectionate memories which, in his after life, will cluster round his college days,—memories of triumphs here, from which he will gather strength for many a fierce encounter in the world's broad field,—memories which will be monitors to duty, and other memories of prayer, which will shield him with the unconquerable armor of faith.

An obligation must be measured by the benefit conferred; and, in considering the obligations which our institutions of learning confer upon their pupils, let us for a moment follow the path which our *Alma Mater* is ever treading—onward and upward.

Up comes the stripling freshman,



like a scarred and jagged diamond, newly dug from his native mine, and knocks at her hospitable portal. "Here," says the parent, addressing the matron, "is a rough diamond, which I wish you to polish and return to me without a stain upon its bright surface. The task I impose upon you is a severe one—the duty most delicate and responsible; but if you succeed—if you restore to me that gem without spot or tarnish, my gratitude will be unspeakable." And here the interview ends: the lady accepts the trust; and the parent departs, assured that he has delivered his treasure into the keeping of a faithful guardian.

The first inquiry which suggests itself to the guardian's mind is the important one whether her protégé has the true ring of the precious gem, or whether he has in his constitution an excess of that bad alloy which we call "of the earth, earthy." If the artificer finds that beneath that jagged and angular surface the true diamond is concealed, who can estimate the pleasure with which our dear *Alma Mater* enters upon her task of polishing off her young freshman diamond, and producing him, at his seniority, refined and purified—fitted to grace a diadem or to adorn a mitre?—who takes note of her sleepless vigilance, or of the anxious hope and gentle care with which she unceasingly toils?—who sees her joyful pride, when her labor

is rewarded by the triumph of her ward,—or observes her gratitude as time unfolds new and strange beauties in the treasure confided to her care? Who, indeed, can conceive her rapture when the diamond, under the emery wheel of discipline, displays its first scintillation of light and power?

Ah! the patient and gentle tutor rejoices in secret over the triumphs of her pupil and makes them her own. The quick perception of the pupil teaches him that the tutor's task is a labor of love,—and that his highest reward is in his pupil's intellectual and moral triumphs: and thus a sentiment of gratitude is fixed in his heart; thus the tie which unites the teacher and pupil is built up and expanded into affection.

It is, unfortunately, too true that the youth, in his collegiate career, as well as in his "daily walk and conversation," sometimes presents in himself an illustration of that grand conception of the *Bard of Avon* known as "Love's Labor Lost;" and the scholar grieves the heart of his self-sacrificing tutor. But these instances are rare; there are few soils so sterile as to refuse to yield a good return under the influence of genial skies; and there are few natures so cynical or unkindly as to be insensible to tenderness and love. And this is the sentiment which distinguishes christian tutors and crowns them with the aureola of sanctity. To

the great literary republic of Cambridge University and its Faculty, England is indebted for a system of education which has given her a front rank among the nations of the earth; and to the indomitable patience and courage of Father Junipero Serra, California owes an immeasurable debt of gratitude for her christianization. Fortunately for our youth the virtues which so eminently distinguished that soldier of the cross, have been perpetuated by those who have followed in his footsteps; and in them we have a guaranty for education equal to that enjoyed by the most favored nations.

We do not purpose to follow our *Alma Mater* and her charge through all the gradations of college life. We know that under her guiding hand the budding Freshman blossoms into a Sophomore; then into other and higher degrees of excellence; until finally he emerges from the chrysalis of probation, and is sent out into the world a perfect man.

Lest we fail to comprehend the full meaning of the word *man*, we will recall from Hamlet's lips his grand interpretation of true manhood:

"What a piece of work is a man!  
How noble in reason!  
How infinite in faculties!  
In form and moving how express and admirable!  
In apprehension how like a God!  
The beauty of the world!  
The paragon of animals!"

It is to this height that the student aspires; and it is this great masterpiece of the Creator that our dear *Alma Mater* seeks to mould, sometimes from the crudest and most intractable materials. Her work is therefore one of the most difficult and delicate in all the arcana of Nature; and men most resemble God when they devote themselves to the sacred task of educating and exalting His creatures.

The rough diamond, in its native form, is the best similitude of undeveloped genius. The one, like the other, requires a master hand to develop its hidden power; and either, in the hands of an unskilful lapidary, might be despoiled forever of its beauty.

It is the duty as well as the interest of the student to assist the efforts of his tutor. The golden span of youth speedily disappears in the mists of age; and life ebbs with every throb of the ocean. Let the student, therefore, be worthy of his high destiny, and endeavor, by his own moral and intellectual triumphs, to add a fragrant laurel-wreath to the venerable brow of his *Alma Mater*.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footsteps that, perhaps, another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,—  
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,—  
Seeing, may take heart again."



## THE WORLD NOT AS OLD AS IT IS RECKONED TO BE.

(BY DIOGENES THE SECOND.)

IT is generally admitted that refinement of manners and genteel bearing result only from centuries of leisure and civilization. When the centuries are numbered with the past, men will no longer be found indulging in the unaccountable beastliness of chewing and spitting, as do the barbarians of the present day; and, sometimes actually in the presence of ladies.

I think, if the world were half as old as it is reckoned to be, its creatures would possess double and probably twenty times their present modicum of sense. I think their education would be very unlike what it is. I think it would be a complete education; a systematic development of all the faculties that go to make up the individual man or woman. I think the intellect would not be exalted, as it is, to the abnegation of the physical and moral. I think a moral system of training would be generally employed which would better qualify us to do the things we ought to do,—to live the life our reason tells us we should live. I

think children would at least be taught how to obtain nature's rewards, and how to avoid nature's punishments—which are acknowledged even by infidels as divine criteria of right and wrong; instead of being taught, as at present, that there is no moral standard of right and wrong, but that whatever is successful is right. I think it would be generally understood that he who did the wrong thing was both a rogue and a fool, instead of being taught to regard himself as "smart;" that right doing was the best doing, and wrong doing the worst possible policy.

I think if the world were as old as it is said to be, (namely, nearly six thousand years) we might look for wisdom to correspond with its age. I think the race of humbugs, of shilly-shallyers, of time-servers and crawlers, would have become extinct long ago, and that admiration for that sort of people and their doings would be unknown. I think, too, that a few generations at most, would have been sufficient

to show the worth of wealth. I think the love of gold, merely for its own sake, and not for the uses it may subserve,—by which it is permitted to become the master instead of the servant,—is a sure evidence of the world's incipient developement.

I should imagine that a single generation would be sufficient to teach the nations of the earth that it was cheaper to build and maintain school-houses than jails. I think, too, that imprisoning and punishing ill-taught people for petty offences, and on their liberation giving them no chance of doing better, is another evidence of the world's incipient developement.

I think when the world *is* a few centuries old, we shall have fewer, but better books; fewer newspapers, and those better edited and printed. We shall have fewer churches but more charity; fewer superstitions, but more religion; less bigotry, but more faith; less preaching, but more doing; less profession, but more sincerity; shorter prayers, but more devotion; less talk, but more fervency; fewer laws, but less crime; fewer banks, but more true wealth.

I see on all hands so many evidences of the world's youth and inexperience, and consequent blundering, that my only regret is that the world *is not* as old as it professes to be.



## THE PIRATES.

A. E. RALEIGH, (2d Rhetoric.)

FROM North to South, from West to East,  
We gather spoils to deck our feast.  
To day, on broad Atlantic's breast,  
An English captain is our guest;  
We take his gold; we fire his ship;  
Himself of all his clothes we strip,  
And then—(short shrift, and hopeless end! )—  
To Father Neptune's care commend.

We land upon our island home,  
And, for a season, cease to roam.  
From toil and trouble there we rest,  
And of good cheer enjoy the best;  
For we no charges have to pay;  
'Tis only some good ship to stay,  
And take from her whate'er we think  
Is best for us to eat and drink.

Ere long we tire of living high,  
And for the sea again we sigh.  
We soon refit, as best we can,  
And once again our brig we man.  
The anchor's weigh'd, the sails are set,  
We lose the land without regret.  
We cruise around, for days and days;  
But 'gainst no foe our arms can raise.

At last a man-of-war we meet.  
No need for fight; our wings are fleet.  
On! Faster, faster! On we go!  
But still behind us comes our foe.  
A puff of smoke from out his bow!  
A shot comes skipping past us, now.

We answer with our swivel gun;  
And fast and furious grows the fun.

But nearer, nearer now are they;  
"The dogs! For this they'll dearly pay,"  
Our captain cried, in accents loud.  
Then o'er his brow there came a cloud:  
"O, God! I would the *Belle* were here!  
But no; she cannot yet be near.  
Full many a weary league away,  
Our consort helps us not to-day."

We stay, at last, our useless flight  
The hunted pirate dares the fight!  
The deck is cleared, the guns are manned,  
And shot are passed from hand to hand.  
Across the water comes the hail,  
"What ship is that?" Our men turn pale;  
For now they know the time has come,  
If not for all, at least for some,  
To face the stern, reproachful look  
Of Him, they long ago forsook,  
The Lord Who made them and Who saved,  
Whose righteous wrath their crimes have braved.

Out floats our flag upon the breeze,  
That flag, the terror of the seas.  
A single star on field of red  
Soars, fluttering, to the mainmast-head.  
Upon a gun our captain springs,  
His voice across the water rings;—  
"The *Ocean Star*, which now you see,  
Shall soon a victor's ensign be."

Then to his own, his pirate crew,—  
"Men, you can fight, although you're few,  
Fight, then, as ne'er you fought before!  
Fight, till the scuppers run with gore!  
Die where you stand, or victors be;  
Nor bend, like slaves, the conquered knee.  
Aha! they board! Now, comrades true,  
Show them what pluck like *yours* can do!"



The hostile ships together clash,  
 The British seamen, bold but rash,  
 Wit hasty leap, upon our deck  
 Have gained a footing. Naught could check  
 That forward rush, as on they came.  
*They* fought for honor, duty, fame,  
 But *we* for freedom,—nay, for life!  
 Oh! cruel was that dreadful strife!  
 The cheek grew pale, the heart grew sore;  
 Yet fought we, ankle-deep in gore.

We fought like wounded tigers then;  
 We spared nor shot, nor steel, nor men,  
 As round our heads our sabres flashed,  
 Back, slowly,—bleeding faint, and gashed,—  
 The hostile crew,—old Albion's pride,—  
 Were driven to the further side.  
 Back, back, still back! against the rail!  
 And here *they* stand; and here *we* fail.  
 Fresh hordes come crowding on our deck.  
 (The fiends! that force we *cannot* check!)  
 Again we're backward thrust by them:  
 No power on earth that charge could stem.  
 "*Down with your arms; or else you die!*"  
 And we make ready to comply.  
 Then to the front our captain flew;—  
 "Boats from the *Belle*, with half her crew!  
 One moment more, and they'll be here!  
*Belles* to the rescue! Cheer, boys, cheer!"  
 We cheer! One glance around we cast,  
 And then our blows fall hard and fast.  
 The English stand at bay awhile:  
 Our friends swarm up: high grows the pile  
 Of wounded foemen, dying, dead;  
 And e'en the sea is tinged with red.

On comes the *Belle*, our consort true.  
 Oh, well we knew that streak of blue  
 That girt her round from stem to stern!  
 And now each thought of fear we spurn:  
 One broadside, and the fight is o'er!  
 The foeman sinks, to rise no more!

## DIED IN HIS BOOTS.

JAS. H. CAMPBELL.

NOT a thousand miles from this place, there was living, in the year 186—, a noted cattle-thief, named Jenks.

Again and again had Jenks been brought before the tribunals of the county by vengeful husbandmen whom he had despoiled of one or more of their bovines. Yet he was usually very fortunate; and owing to the shrewdness of his lawyers, and the facility with which he could procure men of his own "ilk," to testify to anything he wished: he generally escaped conviction, and was very soon at his old tricks again.

Sometimes the plaintiffs, disgusted with the tardiness of suits delayed from year to year, would abandon the prosecution in despair.

Jenks was like old Lambro';—

"—the mildest-mannered man  
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat."

Well do I remember him, ere the imputation of theft had been cast upon him.

He would often take me, then a

mere child, upon his knees, and speak to me in such kind, soft tones, that I could not choose but like him. Gradually, however, as his true character began to unfold itself, I learned to despise and abhor him; disliking him all the more for his handsome, deceitful face, which I looked upon as a mere mask to his evil thoughts and designs.

As he became better known, he was more and more avoided and dreaded by all honest men; until at last, almost his only associates were men of his own stamp. To these boon companions he frequently said, in a boastful way, that when he died, he would die like a man, *in his boots*. Such was the presentiment which possessed him; and it met with a literal realization, as we shall see.

Many will remember that the winter of 186— was exceedingly stormy; and cattle allowed to range over the hills, would often wander to a considerable distance in search of shelter.



During the winter, it was found that Jenks had suddenly started off somewhere; though no one knew one knew exactly where; and, by a strange (?) coincidence, three farmers of the vicinity discovered that several cows were missing from their respective herds.

Two of them, Cole and Silvey by name, at once set out on horseback in the direction which they considered Jenks had taken; while the other, Bryant, vainly hoping that his cows might still be in the neighborhood, remained at home, searching every spot to which they would have been likely to wander of their own accord. He did not find them, however; and, to add to his anxiety, Cole and Silvey returned with the unsatisfactory intelligence that they could find no clue to Jenks' whereabouts, nor any tidings of the cows.

For a few days, nothing occurred to give the farmers any hope of ever again looking on their missing kine; but, one evening within the following week, Bryant received a call from a neighbor who stated that a certain butcher in the town adjacent had in his possession a letter from an extensive cattle-dealer, addressed to Mr. Bryant. The next morning found Bryant on his way to town, in the hope of learning something of the lost animals. The letter was soon secured. It informed him that Jenks had shortly before left a drove of cattle on a farm near Marysville, and

that probably his cows might be found among them. Bryant as quickly as possible conveyed this news to Cole and Silvey; and at dawn of the next day the trio were off, well mounted, en route for Marysville.

On arriving at the city, a warrant was obtained for Jenks' arrest; and, accompanied by the sheriff, the party again started forth, Bryant and the officer occupying a buggy, while Cole and Silvey continued on horseback. The farm being found, inquiry was made of a stout matron who made her appearance at the door, whether an individual named Jenks had left cattle there. "No," replied she; "but there's been a fellow here who says his name is Williams; and jist about an hour ago he started off with 'em." No information could be elicited from the woman as to where "Mr. Williams" intended to go; she either did not know or did not care to tell.

At this the cattle seekers were annoyed but not discouraged: they forthwith resolved to follow the tracks of the herd over the plains. For a time they succeeded; but, on getting into a broad slough, the trail was lost; and much time was consumed in trying to discover the point at which the cattle emerged from the water.

At length a loud shout from one of the horsemen, announced that the trail was again found.

Moreover, it was now evident to

all, from the direction of the foot-prints, that Jenks (if indeed it were he) was driving the cattle to Nicolaus. They therefore took the nearest route to that city, at their utmost speed; hoping to overtake the drove before it had been crossed over a river that lay between.

Two hours of rapid riding brought them to the river; and, as they approached, they perceived the ferry-boat drawn up to the shore on which they were, and apparently ready to start. And the ferryman, on being interrogated, said that he was waiting for a lot of cattle which he was to transport to the other side of the river.

At the same time the tinkling of bells reached their ears; and, a few moments later, the head of a large drove of cows was seen slowly moving along the road towards the ferry. Bryant's eyes sparkled with delight, as he recognized, in the foremost two animals, his own lost cows. Yes: there they all were,—Bryant's, Cole's and Silvey's, and many more;—while coolly hallooing after them came the redoubtable Jenks, bestriding a small but spirited mustang!

He took no notice of the little group which awaited his approach on the roadside, until he came directly opposite the sheriff's carriage. Then, for the first time, he recognized his pursuers; and, for once, his usual *sang-froid* deserted him. A look of blank amazement filled his usually placid counte-

nance. "You are my prisoner!" shouted the sheriff.

For an instant, Jenks seemed undecided whether to surrender or not; but only for an instant.

Wheeling about, he drove the spurs into his horse's sides and dashed towards a chaparral some distance off.

"Take him,—alive or dead!" yelled the officer, as Cole and Silvey galloped after him. Bryant fired a shot at him, in the hope of checking his flight; but no!—he still kept up his mad gallop for the bushes. The frenzied man scarce knew whither he was going. He wildly spurred his horse under a scrubby oak. A low hanging branch caught the reckless fugitive, and dragged him from the saddle. He was much hurt: yet the hope of escape sustained him; and he sprang quickly to his feet, and pushed forward with desperate energy.

The horsemen are not far behind him; but if he can only reach the thicket he will foil them yet! Will he reach it? Yes! he is almost there; and his pursuers are still twenty yards in the rear; and as he rushes along the bank of the river, the hope of escape becomes almost a certainty; and his dark face brightens up with a wicked light; and his darker heart laughs within him at the thought that he will again thwart his enemies.

"Ha! ha! Good, for a hundred more adventures!" muttered he, as



he neared the goal of safety.

But no: it was not so decreed! At the very moment when security seemed in his hands, a projecting root caught his foot and precipitated him headlong into the river. Before he could regain his feet, Cole and Silvey had reached the bank, and sprang from their horses.

Jenks made his appearance above the water, facing the two men like a tiger at bay.

"Surrender; or I'll blow your head off!" cried Cole, excitedly. Jenks replied only with a curse; and, madly drawing the revolver which he carried with him, presented it at Cole, and pulled the trigger. Rash man! The powder being soaked, the pistol was as harmless as a stick.

Almost simultaneously with the

report of the pistol-cap, the louder report of Cole's heavily-loaded gun rang out upon the air; and the long scatheless Jenks sank dead, without a groan, into the waters of the river,—sent to meet a just God, all unprepared as he was, without a moment's reprieve, in which to think of repentance! His presentiment was fully realized: he had indeed DIED IN HIS BOOTS.

But little remains to be told.

A coroner was procured, who caused the disfigured remains to be rescued from the water, and brought to Nicolaus for interment.

Cole was promptly acquitted; and on the following morning the three farmers took their departure for home, in gleeful spirits at the possession of their recovered kine.

## ἈΦΙΞΙΣ ἘΠΙ ΤὸΝ ἁΓΙΟΝ ἸΩΣΗΦ

Ὑπὲρ Ἀλοισίου Βάρσιος τοῦ τῆς ἁγίας Κλάρας Ἀκαδημίας  
Ἐπιστάτου.

*(Delivered in the Exhibition Hall, Santa Clara College, on the anniversary  
of the President's Birthday, March 9th, 1872, by R. BOWIE, 2d Greek.)*

Φίλτατε καὶ πάντως μάλα μοι κήδειε, Ἰωσήφ,  
Χαῖρε, σαόπτολι, καὶ Ὀικουμενικῇ ἐπίκουρος,  
Καὶ Ἱερῇ ἀγύρει. Σε ἐπαινῶ ἐκ με ἀπάντων  
Νούσων καὶ κακότητος, ἐς ἥσυχον ὄρμον ἄγοντα.  
Δὸς βραχὺν εὐτυχέοντα δρόμον βίότοιο περῆσαι:  
Εἰρήνην λαοῖς, καὶ ὁμοφροσύνην ἐρατεινὴν  
Ἐκ δ' αἶτην πολέμοιο, καὶ Ἄρεος ἔργον ἀλάλκειν.  
Πρὸς δ' ἄρα ἡμετέρην τε πόλιν, προφύλασσε Λύκειον  
Τοῦθ' ἁγίας Κλάρας, μετὰ καὶ τοῦ παιδονόμουτος  
Τοῦτον δ' ἐνδυκέως φιλεῖ καὶ δηρὸν ὀφέλλειν  
Ἦνορέη τε καὶ εὐσεβίῃ· τὰ δὲ λοίσθια νεῦσον:  
Τὸν μὲν ἀπ' ἀνθρώπων τιμῇ μέγαν, ἀλλ' ἀρετῇσι  
Μεῖζον· ἰδ' εἰσεβίῃ σώζειν Βάρσιν σ' ἱκετεύω  
Ὅς πρυτανεύει ἡμῖν. Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὄφρα δὲ βεῖη,  
Δὸς λιπαρὸν οἱ γῆρας, ἀπήμονά τ' εἰς τέλος ἔλκειν·  
Ὅψε δὲ καὶ ζωῆς κεκορεσμένον, ἄχθος ἀφέντα  
Μεῖλιχον· ἐνδ' ἀγάγοις μιν, ὅπη ἐμὲ καὶ σοὶ, Ἰωσήφ,  
Ὅς φίλος ἐστί, βίου μόρον ἀλλάξαντα καθίζοις.



## COLLEGE BOYS OUT HUNTING.

J. POUJADE, (1st Rhetoric.

DEAR reader, have you ever seen a crowd of students on a deer-hunting excursion? I take your negative answer almost for granted; but, if, perchance, you ever have had that felicity, I'm sure you will agree with me in saying that nothing in the world is so beautifully green as a party of college boys so engaged. There is such a delightfully innocent simplicity about them, such a charming air of expectation, such a firm belief that the deer will come by dozens, and allow them to put salt quietly on their tails, and then, like good gentle deer that they are, stand up to the muzzles of the guns till the hunters muster up courage enough to pull their triggers!

The first thing a student generally does, when getting ready for a trip of this kind, is to don the roughest possible kind of clothing. No matter how uncomfortable, or how unsuitable it is, so long as it is rough. And if it does not look quite bad enough, he will tear it, by some accident purposely brought round by himself. When this has

been done, he will travel far and near to get a rifle. He generally procures the heaviest and clumsiest that can be found, saying that he doesn't want any of your "baby concerns" or "pop-guns," but "something substantial, that will carry a ball that can kill something." If he can find an old pistol he will take it along, "for close quarters, you know;" and a butcher-knife, or some similar weapon, generally completes his armament.

Last vacation, half-a-dozen college chums, (of whom your humble servant was one) happened to come together in the pleasant country town of *Watsonville*. We were just out of the revered shades of the College, after ten months of study; and you may imagine how free and fresh we felt, and how ready we were for an adventure of any kind. Some one proposed that we should go on a deer-hunt. The proposition was no sooner made, than it was unanimously carried.

We accordingly went into "Committee of the Whole," as a "Committee of Ways and Means;" and

after a few days we were ready.

Our party consisted of a gentleman, the senior member of the expedition, whom we will call *Apollo*, and of five students whom we shall entitle respectively *Dionysius*, *Damon*, *Procles*, *Pythagoras*, and *Damocles*, the last mentioned *nomme de guerre* being that of your humble servant, the present writer.

Procles, who lived near by, furnished a wagon, and Damon had two horses. Two of the others rode on horseback.

Our armament consisted of five shot-guns, two rifles, a derringer, a butcher-knife, two case-knives, a two-pronged fork, and a pocket-knife all of whose blades were broken, with the exception of one which was out altogether.

In the way of ammunition we had several pounds of the best tobacco, with cigarettes, cigars, and other such things too numerous to mention; and a little powder and shot, with a few bullets and caps.

As to provisions, we were possessed of seventeen loaves of beautiful, white, home-made bread, ginger cakes without number, coffee, tea, etc.

We had also a number of blankets; and our cooking utensils consisted of a frying-pan, two coffee pots, a tin bucket, six tin plates, and the same number of tin cups, to which may be added the above-mentioned knives.

On a bright summer morning, then, we started for the mountains.

How beautiful and blue they seemed, in the distance! But oh, how true the saying, "Distance lends enchantment to the view!" We were all lightness and gaiety, all filled with delightful romance.

"Which of us thought, a month ago," said Damon, as we jogged along the valley, "that we six would ever go out together on a deer-hunt?"

"Ah! who indeed," replied Apollo, who was, however, looking very attentively at one of the horses.

"Really, now," continued Damon, "this is romantic. What a beautiful prospect! What gloriously green meadows! How splendid those golden grain-crops, that seem to invite the reaper to unburden their heavily loaded stalks! Look, too, at that miniature river that wanders through yonder thick grove of willows and sycamores, kissing their venerable feet, and bringing its life and strength to them all. Whilst I was in College I never believed in 'green fields,' and 'silver brooklets,' and 'delightful meadows,' *et hoc genus omne*. I thought it all stuff and nonsense. But now, at last, I realize the charms of a country life."

"Hallo! what's the matter with that horse?" broke in Procles.

The wagon came to a stop, and one of the horses was soon lying in the middle of the road, in the most horrible convulsions. We had only traveled three miles, and had consequently many more to



go yet.

Here was a predicament—*not* a romantic one either! We tried to make the horse get up and go; but the horse wouldn't get up for a full half-hour; and then he wouldn't go. The only remedy was to lead him back to the stable, which Damon, the poetical, did, with a face little expressive of romance.

Well: finally, the poor horse was stabled, and replaced by another, fresher and stronger; and again we started on our way rejoicing.

We presently came to the town, through which we passed with all that apparent indifference to the "gazing multitude" that is usual with young Americans.

Procles, our driver, was elegantly attired in an old coat which can be better imagined than described. Apollo, who sat next him, rejoiced in the "slouchiest" of slouch hats; Damon, who was also on the driver's seat, displayed enough leather in his old boots, to start a small tanyard with; and Damocles, your most obedient, for want of a seat, gracefully reclined among the baggage, and smiled with contempt upon the general public, whose attention was evidently absorbed by his immense canvas shoes, which rested upon the tail-board, and hid the greater part of his body from their view. The free and independent citizens of our glorious republic, who thronged the streets, gazed on those shoes, as they loomed

up into view, with a feeling of terror. It was evident that they saw in those shoes, something novel, grand, awe-inspiring,—something, indeed, almost sublime!

Instinctively they gathered round the gun-shops, as we passed. Some thought we had come, in the open daylight, to pillage the town; and, in fact, one said that he *knew* the man in the middle of the seat was the celebrated *Joaquin*. Some people tried to stare us out of countenance; but the magnificent serenity of our scorn put them to utter shame. Still, however, I feel free to confess, *now*, that we thanked our stars when we had run the gauntlet of those curious eyes, and were once more driving at our ease through the pleasant fields.

At last we came to the foot of the mountains; and here Dionysius and Pythagoras joined us on horseback.

After giving the horses a short rest, we began the ascent with renewed vigor. Now, *indeed*, we were approaching the scene of our future exploits.

The grade, where there was any, was decidedly steep; and, to ease the horses, we all, except the driver, got out of the wagon and walked, taking our guns along, in case of coming across game.

When we first started, we thought it much better to walk than to ride; "it would stretch our legs, you know." When we had climbed about three hundred yards

we thought it wasn't so very pleasant after all. "but then it was good for the health." And when we had scrambled half way up the mountain, we, pedestrians, came to the conclusion that the shares in "Walker's Navigation Company," were considerably below par. But Procles, who was driving, and is a most villainous "tease," told us he thought walking must be quite pleasant, we seemed to enjoy it so much. Before we reached the mountain-top, however, he was obliged to walk, himself; and to drive at the same time; and as he toiled up through the dust, blessing the tired horses, we might have turned the laugh back upon him, had we not taken pity upon his misfortunes. Finally, however, we reached the summit of the ridge, and, soon after, came to our camping place.

Just as we arrived, tired and dusty, Procles, who had all along been waiting to "let himself out," and who prided himself on his driving, executed a beautiful fancy turn, whilst the horses were at full speed, thereby *turning* seven spokes out of one of the wagon-wheels, and causing a general break down, just at the end of our journey.

We took possession of a deserted shanty. It was about fourteen feet long by twelve in width; and built entirely of clapboards, with the ground for a floor, and nothing at all for a ceiling. It had one

window, in which an old thing, which "once in the flight of ages past" might have been called a shirt, played the part of glass, and a door of two boards nailed together, and moving on leather hinges. There was also a gigantic fireplace, built of mud and fragments of rock. The furniture consisted of a board fixed to the wall, which, by way of irony, we called a table, and two greasy old dry-goods boxes.

As soon as we had unpacked our things, Apollo started off at a "two forty" pace, in search of deer; Pythagoras, who acted as the *Soyer* of the occasion, cooked supper; and the rest of us cared for the horses, brought water, etc.,.

This done, we had time to look around us; and we found ourselves on the top of a high ridge mostly covered with red-wood; on one side of which lay the Pajaro Valley, and on the other a deep, dark, ravine, heavily wooded, which seemed in the dusk of the evening, to have no bottom. The mountain fern grew thick around us; and in a short time we gathered a sufficient quantity to serve as mattresses.

By this time it was dark, and Apollo had returned from his hunting, having seen one doe with her fawn. Supper was now ready; and the way in which it disappeared before that hungry crowd, proved conclusively that the sage Pythagoras was a good cook.



After supper, we lay down on our blankets, and tested the quality of our "ammunition," *i.e.*, of the tobacco, cigarettes, etc., all of which we pronounced good.

Oh! you, who see the student of Santa Clara, only in the City, or in San Jose, or at the College Exhibition, and to whom, consequently, he appears to be a model of primeness, if you *could* but see him in the country!—if, for instance, you could have seen the various members of our party, as they lounged about that great blazing fire! But no! I will not draw the curtain. There are *some* pleasant illusions which it is better not to dispel.

About nine o'clock, Procles and Pythagoras went out, to see to the horses once more; whilst the rest of us tumbled into our blankets.

We had resolved not to fire a shot except in case of actual necessity, for fear of frightening the deer. Some of us had gone to sleep, the rest were still awake; when, about half an hour after the two last named gentlemen had gone out, we heard a snorting among the horses, and, shortly after, a sound as of two men running with all their might. Then—*bang!*—sounded a pistol, within three feet of the shanty.

In a moment every one was on his feet, gun in hand; and half-a-dozen "click-clicks" told that as many rounds were ready to be discharged. We had heard that

there was some rather rough game in the vicinity, but had not expected any so soon.

Out we rushed into the moonlight, to the rescue of our comrades; and when we appeared, those two worthies confronted us, and burst into a loud laugh!

We saw the point of the joke when Procles told us he only wanted to have a little fun; but *we* didn't exactly laugh at it; and Apollo, with great unction, blessed their nonsense. No: he didn't *bless* it, either.

After this "thrilling adventure," we went to bed, and dreamed of grizzly bears, and wolves, and panthers, and wildcats, and beautiful seventeen-pronged bucks, and darling little fawns, until half an hour before sunrise; when Apollo waked us up, and we prepared breakfast, and began hunting in earnest.

Four of the party took their horses and started out in pairs, eastward and westward; but Damon and myself preferred walking, on principle. As for Damon, he traveled off goodness knows where, and walked goodness knows how many miles. For my part, although I didn't much like to ride, still, I very cautiously determined not to hurt myself by too much walking.

All the rest had gone, before I started; and, arming myself with a long-range shot-gun, and plenty of ammunition, I leisurely strolled

towards the ravine. It was about a mile deep, it seemed to me; but, nevertheless, I started down towards the bottom, intending to ascend the other side, to a place where it was said there were deer. I did not consider that, when once across, I should have to come back the very same way; or I should probably never have tried it. At any rate, I went down, down, down, through the forest, till at last, being somewhat tired, I seated myself on a huge stump, laid down my gun, and enjoyed the beauty of the scene.

The streaks of sunlight at first just tipped the tops of the highest trees; then came long bars of radiance, striking through the foliage here and there, and bathing the many-colored leaves of the mountain shrubs. It was a sight more beautiful than words can express. The squirrels were chirping; the mountain larks whistled their morning salutation; the sharp cry of the quails, sounded constantly in my ears; and, ever and anon, I heard the sweet low cry of the cuckoo; whilst thousands of smaller birds joined in the beautiful chorus. This was nature's own orchestra. Nothing was out of tune here, nothing harsh, nothing artificial. All was beautiful harmony. For a full hour, I sat there, half-dreaming, looking far down below, at the clear little brook, and breathing the fresh and cool mountain air.

But this, one of the happiest hours I ever spent, soon passed away! As I left the spot, I looked back at it, and wondered whether I should ever be so happy again.

However, let us return to our hunting. In the course of my perambulations that day, I actually beheld—don't look surprised—*a deer track!* Dionysius, who was with me at the time, hinted that it was only a sheep-track; but I scouted the idea. As if I, an old hunter, who had a distinct recollection of having eaten a venison steak in a restaurant, didn't know the track of a deer, yet!

That evening we all came back to the camp very tired, exceedingly dirty, and hungry beyond all description.

We had originally intended to send at least two of the several dozen fat bucks we expected to kill, to the President and Faculty of the College. When, however, we came back to camp that evening, we concluded that one would be enough to send, especially as the weather was very warm. The next evening, we thought it was better not to send a whole buck; but that a fine haunch would be much more appropriate. And, on the third night, as we gathered round the fire, after regarding the case in all its bearings, we decided that the weather was altogether too warm to allow of the packing of meat, without ice, which article



was not to be had in those regions.

We won't tell you how many deer we killed; because it would be actually disgraceful for a party of hunters to reveal the fact that they didn't kill any deer; and, besides, it would seem like casting a slur on my companions as well as myself—a meanness which I, Damocles, am not the man to commit—were I to make any such revelation. I therefore refuse, utterly, to do so, preferring to let the gentle reader draw conclusions for himself, which I trust will not be too derogatory to our skill as American hunters.

On the third morning of our stay on the mountain, we set to work with a will, to mend our wagon; and, after a short time, we were in motion,—homeward bound,—with a rail fixed under the axle of the broken wheel, to keep the corner of the gauge-bed off the ground. As we came to the brow of the mountain, we stopped a short time to take a final look at our late camping-ground.

Having waved it a last farewell, we turned our faces once more towards the valley.

The fog of the night had not yet lifted; and its effect upon the wide valley below us was to make it look like a great plain, covered with snow. The white masses extended about half way up the mountains; and here and there a detached cloud rested placidly upon their bosoms. But as the bright rays of

the sun penetrated the dense masses of vapor, and the morning breeze came up, the grand white curtain rolled away.

The valley stretched away to the right and left, chequered over with ripe grain crops, and here and there a square of bright green. The pretty little *Pajaro River*, running through its willow-groves and meadows, seemed like a thread of silver laid on a strip of soft green velvet. Away to the right hand were a few white specks which we knew to be Santa Cruz; and on our left, nearly in front of us, we could just distinguish the village of Monterey. Immediately before us lay the crescent-shaped Bay of Monterey; and further out, the great ocean seemed to stretch away into infinity. Little white specks upon the blue, told us where the whaling-boats were at work; and a long line of black smoke, showed the track of the ocean steamer.

We did not, however, contemplate the beautiful scene long. Looking back yet once more at our camp, we began the descent of the mountain. For a long time we were silent,—thinking, perhaps, that this goodly party of friends would probably never spend three days together again, and surely never as happily, with all our ill-luck.

And now, kind reader, before I bid you farewell, and you toss my friend, the OWL, into its corner, let me, Damocles, as the spokesman of

our expedition, express the wish, in ly, may be as kind as were those  
your behalf, that if ever you go on a by whom we were entertained,  
hunting party, away from home, and your "good time" as good  
your hosts and hostesses respective- as ours.

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## SPRING.

WM. L. MARSHALL. (2d Rhetoric.)

As breaks the morn from night's dark pall,  
All gloriously bright,  
So bursts the Spring from winter's thrall,  
And brings a world to light.

Urged by the Mighty Maker's grace,  
And decked in nature's gifts,  
Its veil of frost, from earth's cold face,  
The genial Spring uplifts;

And bringing life and warmth to all,  
Shines forth, a beauteous gem;  
The brightest jewel that adorns  
Fair Terra's diadem.

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## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLIP OF PAPER.

ALCIDE VEUVE, (2d Rhetoric.)

**I** WAS but twenty-five years of age when my father died, leaving me to take sole charge of a small mercantile firm which he had established in the great metropolis of England.

My lamented parent had, by honest dealing and close attention to business, acquired the reputation of being one of the steadiest, and most trustworthy merchants in the City. Such was the condition of affairs when I stepped in to conduct the business, in accordance with the provisions of my father's will.

A fair start was thus afforded me, to begin a course of speculation which I had long laid out for myself, and which I supposed would inevitably lead to enormous wealth, and consequently to a high station in society.

During the course of the first year, my plans succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations; and I was soon classed among the most enterprising and successful of the merchants of London.

It was at this time that I bought a beautiful residence in one of the most fashionable quarters of the

city, in which I determined to live in seclusion, attended only by a few servants, in order that I might devote my time exclusively to the execution of those grand schemes which I had formed at the beginning of my mercantile career.

One day, whilst inspecting a room which I had fitted out for a study, or rather an office, where I might attend to my business affairs during my leisure hours at home, I found a slip of paper, yellow with age, upon which were written, in a nervous hand-writing, the following words:

"The warehouse is burned, and the goods are safe.

M."

What did those words mean? How came that slip of paper where it was found? These were some of the questions which flashed across my mind, but to which I could give no plausible answer. Nevertheless, actuated by some hidden feeling, I placed the mysterious communication in my pocket-book, as though time might bring some solution to my questions.

Here the matter rested till the

next day, when, as I lay upon the lounge in my office, contemplating, not without a smile of satisfaction, my enviable lot, my mind reverted to my previous day's discovery. Taking the paper from my pocket-book, and placing it upon the table, I again questioned myself in regard to the matter.

My imagination, however, began to answer me with such absurdities, that I was about to throw away the cause of them; when I became conscious of some one talking in the room. I looked up with some surprise, as I never allowed any one to intrude upon my privacy so abruptly; but I was still more astonished to find that there was no one within the office; though I could have sworn that I heard a voice therein.

I must acknowledge that I did not feel quite at my ease; for, being naturally superstitious, I remembered the stories I had often heard in my childhood, of departed spirits visiting the scenes of their troubles upon the earth. Banishing such thoughts, however, as unmanly, and feeling heartily ashamed of myself for having been frightened by the creatures of my own imagination, I returned to the paper before me. What was my astonishment, then, on discovering that the voice I heard had come from *it*; and that it was even then speaking! Listening intently, I caught the following story:—

"I first woke to consciousness

by feeling an intense and suffocating heat within the shell in which I was confined. The heat gradually increased in intensity, until I suffered the most terrible pain; and, becoming almost maddened with the burning to which I was subjected, I exerted all my feeble strength, and broke open my prison, springing into the light of day to feel the refreshing breeze which cooled my throbbing temples. I gazed around in admiration at the many beauties which nature had spread about me with a lavish hand. I found myself in a large cotton plantation; and, being surrounded by innumerable companions, who, like myself, had just sprung into existence, we formed one long scene of dazzling brightness, pure as the snow of mid-winter.

"All around me, on every bush, my companions were bursting through their shells, and hanging in graceful folds from every branch; and then I discovered that the vertical rays of a noonday sun had caused that intensity of heat which woke me to consciousness.

"On my right, rolled a beautiful stream of silvery water, whose many graceful windings, the eye delighted to trace, till they were lost in the distance; while, on my left, the scene spread out into delightful meadow lands, dressed in a robe of charming green, save where the daisy or the violet reared their modest heads.



"Near the banks of the river, on a gentle rise in the ground, stood the beautiful mansion of the wealthy planter, overshadowed by waving trees.

"Not far from it rose the plain yet comfortable cabins of the slaves, around which sported their children, in happy ignorance of the life of drudgery and toil which their parents led, and which they, too, must shortly commence.

"On every side I perceived negroes of both sexes, busily engaged in filling large baskets with the snowy cotton.

"Whilst perambulating this beautiful spot, I was rudely plucked from my parent stem, and thrown into a basket. Being about the first in it, I had to support the weight of my companions, who were continually pouring in, and whose superincumbent bulk, added to the want of air, became terribly oppressive. Again I essayed my feeble powers to overcome the pressure from above, but all in vain. I had to endure it for the space of an hour; and that hour seemed a day of agony.

"At last, to my infinite relief, I, and my fellow sufferers, were emptied into a large box full of cotton, and a heavy iron lid shut down on us and fastened securely. This, however, proved to be a change for the worse; for then began torments to which the others were comparatively nothing.

"At first I thought the upward

pressure from which I suffered was but the crowding of those below; but as it became stronger and stronger, the horrible conviction forced itself upon me that I was *in a hydraulic press!* The thought almost drove me mad; yet I strove desperately to bear my sufferings with fortitude; and I succeeded, I think, creditably enough; though we were literally *jammed* by the enormous force which compressed us upon all sides.

"We were soon taken out of this place of torture; and now I thought my torments were at an end; but I was horrified to find that we were tied so firmly that we should have to remain in the same position indefinitely; perhaps for years.

"To recount all the pains I had to endure while in this condition, would shock you too severely. You may imagine, therefore, the deep, inveterate hatred I felt against my persecutors. Suffice it to say, were tumbled on board a steamboat, piled upon each other, hustled off upon wharves, rolled into drays, and at last deposited in a large manufactory.

"We had not been there long, ere the cords which bound us were cut, and we were again at our ease, and thankful too, judging from the many blessings we poured out upon the heads of our deliverers.

"Here, thought I, we shall be free from the heartless persecutions of a cruel world, and shall be left to enjoy, in peace, the blessings of

our state of life. But alas for my thoughts! I was in total ignorance of the pains to which we were soon to be exposed, and which proved to be the climax of the tortures which fate had decreed that we should suffer.

"As soon as we had made ourselves at home, in our fancied security, we were seized, and that with no gentle hand, I can assure you, and placed in a long, slanting box, which I found to my great joy, had no cover, and in which, consequently, I did not fear another pressing.

"Well, said I, this cannot but be a change for the better; and I attempted to dispose myself comfortably, so as to rest my stiffened limbs, which were cramped with such long packing.

"But as soon as I was settled in one position, my companions below began to give way, and I found myself sinking slowly, slowly, down; and then, I must confess, fear got the better of my reason. Was I to be subjected to new tortures? My imagination had not time to answer, ere I was seized by a large tooth wheel, and whirled around with inconceivable rapidity, till I began to grow faint and dizzy.

"Then I was caught by another wheel, and drawn through knives till I was completely dissected, if not with the cautious prudence of a physician, yet still, I'll warrant, in a most business like manner.

"Then I was twisted, rolled, comb-

ed, brushed, and endured many more operations of which I have no distinct idea; for my feeble constitution gave way several times, and I sank into swoon after swoon, exhausted by the acute pains which I suffered.

"At last I came forth from the hands of my skilful, yet by no means tender manipulators, a beautiful cotton handkerchief; nor was it without some small amount of vanity that I surveyed my comely form. It would, indeed, be ingratitude on my part to say, that I was not, to some extent, repaid by the acquisition of beauty, for my terrible sufferings.

"Well; it seems I was destined not to have a moment's rest; for I was soon gathered up, in company with a select party of my fellows, folded neatly, and packed in a nice showy box, yet not in an uncomfortable position. How long we remained in the warehouse, I do not know, as I took no note of time.

"One day, from a conversation which I overheard, I ascertained that many boxes of us handkerchiefs had been sold to a dry-goods merchant, and were immediately to be conveyed to his place of business. Arriving there we were arrayed upon shelves, and presented (though I say it) a fine appearance.

"Owing to some roughness in the handling, the box wherein I was placed, was broken slightly and through the aperture thus formed,



I was enabled to see plainly whatever happened in the store.

"Days and weeks elapsed, the novelty of my situation completely died away, and I earnestly desired a change; being tired of the dull routine of life in a dry-goods establishment.

"One day I was awakened from my reverie by a voice which sounded like that of a stranger,—for I was acquainted with all the regular customers,—and looking through my window, I saw a middle-aged gentleman talking to one of the clerks. What the purport of this conversation was I did not hear, as they had walked down to the further end of the store; but they soon returned, and the clerk then took the box wherein I was contained, and placed it, open, upon the counter.

"Then I knew that the stranger wished to buy a handkerchief; and you may imagine the joy I felt when he selected me as his purchase.

"I did not long remain in his possession, before I discovered his history, which, in substance, was as follows:—

"He started upon the stormy path of life under the same circumstances as yourself, and was unfortunately

actuated by the same motives, namely, that wealth is the *summum bonum* here on earth, and that every available means should be used to acquire it.

"During the first year that I was in his possession, his various ventures and speculations, succeeded to admiration; and he soon enjoyed as high a reputation as that which you possess.

"Wealth poured continually into his coffers, and his name was not only honored at home, but respected wherever the flag of commerce was unfurled. Every branch of trade became a source of wealth to his speculative genius; and he had already attained that position in society for which he had been toiling so hard.

"At this time, and when I had become well nigh worn out with work, and as yellow as a Chinaman with age, my owner threw me away, leaving me to meet my fate amidst the filth and dirt of the streets. I was not, however, destined to rot and pass away in such a position; for one day I felt a hook pass through me, and I was roughly thrown into a rag-man's basket, and conveyed to a paper manufactory."

(To be continued.)

## LETTER FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

*London, April 1, 1872.*

DEAR "OWL."—The event of the year has been the Prince of Wales's illness; and it will be hard, I think, to make you Americans understand the feeling of this country thereanent.

Anyhow, you will not expect American sentiments from an English Correspondent; the less so as, I take it, your object in desiring a correspondent here, is that he may let you know, from time to time, what notions we "Britishers" entertain on things in general.

Now a good deal of democratic talk, and (as we thought) feeling was on the go; and Sir Charles Dilke, who is M. P. for Chelsea, was heading a clique who were going in for a republic after the spotless model of America, and attacking the Privy Purse, Court abuses, etc., and, in fact, making or trying to make our institutions appear very fishy.

Providentially, as I believe, for Crown and Nation, and I hope for his own soul, the Prince of Wales, just at this juncture, took typhoid

fever, and ere long was lying at Sandringham, as nearly dead as a living man could be. Telegrams were published four times a day, which I assure you were devoured by all. You would not credit,—you who are inclined, I suppose, to look upon all princes as curses more or less modified—the anxiety which was shown not merely here in London, but everywhere. The wires were used for nothing else, and crowds were standing at the Post Offices and all public places, awaiting the posting up of the telegrams; and whenever a man was fool enough to say anything of an anti-royalist tendency, he was promptly knocked down and kicked; and the "peelers" looked on and laughed.

The effect of this illness has been to warm up all hearts; and the glorious thanksgiving celebration, which we shall all remember as long as we live, has clinched the matter. Into the details of that I need not enter; for it would only bore your readers, who already



know all about it from the papers. I will only say that if the Prince now lives a princely life, he will be the most popular man in England, and will give the Crown a fresh lease. His wife's devotion has made her appear like an angel.

The only other topic—(except your "Alabama claims," on which I will not touch; for I hate treading on a fellow's corns when there is no occasion)—has been, is, and will be, TICHBORNE. I have sent and will from time to time send you papers containing the whole case. It's well worth the reading, mark you. If England had been polled only a short time ago, it would have been found that the majority of us believed in the rank impostor.

The lesson which the trial teaches me is this; that Carlyle didn't go far enough when he spoke of England's population as "mostly fools." It has both grieved and irritated me to find so many believing in so transparent a humbug, and persuading themselves that a man born and bred as a gentleman, could become such a loathsome, ignorant brute. I have been quite puzzled to account for the fact that one met plenty of *clever men even*, who placed confidence in the thief.

Of course the most exciting part of the matter is the claimant's declaration that he seduced Mrs. Radcliffe, the real Tichborne's cousin, then Miss Doughty; although of

course the liar had never seen her. He, the claimant, is, and will be proved to be a Wapping butcher, by name Orton, as sure as you're an *Owl*. It is too long a rigmarole, however, to detail in writing. I'll send you the whole case, bound up, when it is quite over, in addition to the separate papers of which I spoke; and you will then be able to appreciate the subject duly, in its entirety. The scamp had a clever address and great tact, and seems to have won folks over readily enough. I denounced him, however, from the very first. I had bets of £20, a silk umbrella, and *piles* of gloves, depending upon the rascal's rascality; and of course I won my gloves, etc., like a man, and shall buy no more for years. My wife and I often went to the court, to hear the trial. Coleridge's speech (the Attorney-General) is the most exhaustive as well as the longest on record; exposes all the plot, shews how the scoundrel learnt what he did of the family, how he made dupes, who he was, and all about him. He is, as I have said, Arthur Orton, the butcher. He will get penal servitude for his perjury; but the exposure of his clever lies will have cost the Tichborne family £100,000. Luckily the owner of the estate is an infant, and the rent-roll £24,000 a year; and therefore it can be paid.

How iniquitous it is, and what a slur on our law regime, that a man

should be able to mulct an estate of £5,000 a year *for ever*, who has no more to do with it than you have with my spoons!

Little else has been talked of for months here; and hundreds of thousands were betted on the affair. Morale, physique, and everything else were against the scamp; and yet people believed in him. He weighs twenty-six stone; and little Roger could never have been fed up to twelve stone, for his skin would not have held it. Roger talked French like a native, and this man knows not a word of the language; but the wise-acres said, "Well: dwarfs grow

into giants; and men forget their mother-tongue!"

He actually floated £65,000 in "Tichborne Bonds" of £100 for £65. The best thing that has been said about this was said by a Yankee:—"I guess this Tichborne trial would not have lasted long in the U-nited States. The jury would have bought up the bonds, and given their verdict *according-ly*."

I couldn't beat that, if I tried till the crack of doom; so the best thing I can do is to pull up sharp, and set you down at your own office.—Yours,

DEADLOCK.



## IDLE NOTES.

THERE was a time when our juvenile soul was wafted to Elysian fields, when listening to the inspiring strains of a circus band. There was a time when we eagerly followed the band-wagon, and tripping along with beaming countenance and elastic step, gazed in wonder upon the man with the big instrument, ensconced in the corner. Whilome we have stood enraptured by the side of an itinerant musician, called an organ grinder. With eagerness and perseverance depicted on our countenance, we have elbowed our way through admiring crowds of urchins of our own age, that we might have the privilege of being nearest the organ, and drink in the "soul-stirring" strains of "Old Dog Tray." But thanks to Heaven and a *good constitution*, we have recovered from those maladies; and that is the reason why we raise our voice, and cry in Sol sharp, that we, of the chair editorial, do, most unconditionally, veto these afternoon serenades. Ye who live far away cannot ima-

gine the exquisite strains which flow from the bell of a brass instrument, when manipulated by an amateur. We like, nay, we *love* music; but we detest these deeply-drawn, ranting, tearing, left-handed bars, "expired" during moments of "inspiration." We can stand being kept in on a Thursday; we can swallow four or five hundred lines; we can bear up 'neath the weight of a Sunday evening's theological discourse; but our auricular appendages rebel, when listening to the above-mentioned brass instrument; and our dexter pedal extremity wriggles and twists most wildly, in contemplation of the pleasure it would feel if called upon to apply itself to the background of those torturing serenaders, as their softening (?) notes ascend to our ears, enhanced by an accompaniment with the left foot, and punctuated by the mournful squeaking of a neighboring violin. Shades of Handel, Mozart, or any other man, defend us!

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At present, things are somewhat

dull in the College. The warm weather seems to have enervated many of the students, and nothing short of a "good sized" earthquake can shake them into something like life. They seek the shade of some far-spreading tree, and there, with a cigarette in their sleeve, they "lie low" for Prefects, whose watchful eyes might detect the wreaths of smoke as they curl upward from the grass where "ye student" innocently lounges. A kind of constitutional laziness, of the worst type, has broken out among our boys; and heart and soul seem to be centered in "taking things easy."

After a long sleep, base ball has at length awakened, and the more enterprising of the students have resolved to make things lively for a while; and to gain that end the Phoenix and Aetna clubs of the College, will soon play a series of games for the College Medal. The first game took place on Thursday, April 25th, and was well contested, although neither club had indulged in much practice.

On Wednesday evening, April 10th, the College Dramatic Society gave an entertainment, at which was represented Shakespeare's comedy, "The Merchant of Venice," and a farce entitled "The Mummy." A goodly audience greeted our young Thespians; and everyone seemed well pleased with the evening's performance. Mr. J. T.

Malone, as *Shylock*, added new laurels to his already bright fame, and gave us a splendid portraiture of Shakespeare's Jew; although at times he seemed to imbue Shylock's subtle nature with a little too much nobility. Mr. J. Poujade succeeded well as *Antonio*. Mr. J. A. Waddell gave new life to *Bassanio*, and entered fully into the spirit of his part. Mr. A. Arguello shook off his natural bashfulness, and gave us a well conceived rendition of *Lorenzo*. Mr. J. C. Johnson, as *Gratiano*, was particularly effective in the trial scene, in the fourth act. The rest of the characters were acceptably sustained by other members of the Dramatic Society. No little credit is due to our student *costumer*, Mr. J. A. Waddell, for the really exquisite taste he displayed in the arrangement and make-up of the costumes. The entertainment closed with a farce, in which Messrs. Carrigan, Smith, Johnson and Campbell, well sustained their respective roles, and repeatedly brought down the house. The band, as usual, was one of the features of the evening. Want of space precludes a more lengthy report of the entertainment.

THE Philalethic Literary Society will hold their Grand Annual on the evening of May 1st. It will be a select affair, and promises to pass off most satisfactorily. Many invitations have been extended to the most respected and influential



citizens of our State; and the Philalethic members have resolved to make their Grand Annual, one of the events of the season.

OF late our Valley has been honored by an influx of pleasure seekers from San Francisco. Pic-nics are all the rage; and people flock to the scenes of enjoyment. San Jose has been awakened from her usual sabbath-like state, and gazes in wonder upon the thousands of excursionists that invade her quiet retreats. Pic-nics seem to have commenced early this season. Many have already taken place, and a great many are on the *tapis*. The month of May is drawing near, and Nature revels in the midst of her beauties. The country around is carpeted with mild green; and flowers of every shape and color greet the morning sun. Our summer retreats are sought after by City folks who desire to forsake for a while the bustle and trouble of city life, and repose amidst the delights of our beautiful Valley.

OUR College Commencement will take place, this year, on the 3d and 4th of June.

SAN FRANCISCO trembles 'neath the force of the Goat Island monopoly shock. Our worthy ex-Governor Stanford, stands in the distance, and smiles complacently on "Ye San Francisco Committee of

One Hundred Citizens," who have joined together to defeat the railroad monopoly. Success to the Committee! We are almost persuaded to nominate Susan B. Anthony for Mayor of our *Insula Caprorum*; for such a nomination would prove an effectual check on all monopoly.

"Blessed is he who has nothing to say, and cannot be persuaded to say it."—A new beatitude wonderfully applicable to many of our would-be smart ones. How many preventions of illfeeling and discontent are centred in the above strange, yet true beatitude! We know many who in reality have nothing to say, for they have not mind enough to contain an idea, and who will persist in enlightening outsiders regarding almost every subject. These non-possessors of ideas cut out a path of their own, and would fain entice common-sense folks to follow the new-found pathway, and indulge in all their effusions of nonsense, poorly disguised by high-sounding words, seasoned with wild gesticulation, and clothed, as they think, with the broad-cloth of romance. People of sense bear patiently the tortures of these Pegasus-like wanderers; and, although they deeply feel the insults offered to their own enlightenment, they kindly tolerate these nonsense-inclined folks; and the latter construe this toleration into admiration and acquies-

cence; and so they are stimulated to new efforts,—efforts which ultimately prove most disastrous to them. These nonsense-mongers recall an old couplet:—

“I saw an ancient porker adown a river float,  
The pig swam well, but every stroke was cutting its own throat.”

—  
You College smokers, beware! If you do not cast away the weed, you'll wake up on some fine morning and find that you have the amaurosis, augina pectoris, hypochondriasis and locomotoratazy; and if you get that you had better emigrate; for the “Seltzer Ape-rient is powerless in a case like the above. It's the worst thing out, worse even than a pic-nic to Stevenson's creek in the month of August. We would inform our readers that Stevenson's creek is a tributary of the original Pierian, Spring, that famous resort for inva-

lids troubled with growing pains. Said Stephenson's Creek is situated in our modern Tempe, Santa Clara.

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At a meeting of the Philalethic Literary Society, held Feb. 28th, 1872, the President, Professor H. Dance, in the chair, the following officers were elected to serve during the term ending June 7, 1872: —Vice President, J. C. Johnson, (re-elected); Recording Secretary, J. Poujade, (re-elected); Corresponding Secretary, J. T. Malone, (re-elected); Treasurer, M. Wilson, (re-elected); Librarian, J. S. Raleigh, Censor, A. Campbell, (re-elected).

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It was stated in last month's OWL that the Ætna B.B.C. of the College had been dissolved. The statement was erroneous, as the Club had only adjourned for a time.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE welcome to our list of exchanges, a new publication, printed and published by the students of Blackburn University, and entitled *Blackburn Gazette*. Its articles are well selected and quite instructing. Its subscription price, one dollar, is within the reach of all. We are at a loss to know whether it is a weekly, monthly, or semi-monthly publication. Its editors have extended to us the right hand of editorial friendship; we warmly clasp it, and shall be happy to exchange.

FROM one of our exchanges we learn that there is another publication that revels in the cognomen of "The Owl." We must acknowledge that we do not like to see our name appropriated; but, with all good feeling, we wish our brother Owl success.

THE *American Journalist*, a new publication, comes to us this month. It is quite an excellent review of American journalism, and cannot

fail to gratify its readers. It advocates the cause of the printer; and its practical utility is only exceeded by its unassuming and unostentatious appearance. It supplies a want that has long been felt, is an excellent medium of general information, and is particularly interesting to the advertising public.

WE have received the April number of the *Ovriand Monthly*; and suffice it to say, that it is fully equal to its predecessors.

THE Cornell University has admitted ladies; so says an exchange.

AN exchange tells us that the Supreme Court of Maine has decided that an oyster is a fish. It says that this decision completely upsets the decision of Agassiz, that "the oyster is a marine acephalous mollusk of the lamelibranchiate order." *Bené!*

WE heartily agree with the *Nas-*

*sau Literary Magazine* in is condemnation of college secret societies.

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y means of a diving bell and a strong artificial light, an Italian has obtained submarine views with great accuracy.

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PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has succeeded in taking the photographs of fishes and other marine animals in the water.

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MANATA, the rich Australian, is dead; he once sent to London for a ton of books, to fit up a library in his colonial residence.

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A Freshman at Cornell is beginning the tables of Logarithms in Trigonometry.—*Ex.* Is he yet alive.

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THE *Annalist* thinks that the earth is growing larger.—*Ex.*

IN England, all the telegraph lines are now owned by the government, and short messages may be sent to any part of the kingdom for twenty-five cents. The government issues what are called postal telegraph cards, bearing a twenty-five cent postal stamp. On this card you write your telegraph message, and drop it in the lamp-post letter-box. The letter-carrier delivers it to the telegraph department, and the message is promptly forwarded to its destination. The English government has been petitioned to purchase all the submarine telegraph cables leading from England.—*Ex.*

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Stephen's Institute, at Lolokek, is said to possess the largest electro magnet in the world. It has a lifting force of between thirty and forty tons.



## O L I O

A FINE OLD MAN.—The following description of "a fine old man," by Mark Twain, is worth reading:—"John Wagner, the oldest man in Buffalo—one hundred and four years old—recently walked a mile and a half in two weeks. He is as cheerful and bright as any of those other old men that charge around so in the newspapers, and in every way as remarkable. Last November he walked five blocks in a rainstorm, without any shelter but an umbrella, and cast his vote for Grant, remarking that he had voted for forty-seven Presidents,—which was a lie. His 'second crop' of rich brown hair arrived from New York yesterday, and he has a set of new teeth coming—from Philadelphia. He is to be married next week to a girl one hundred and two years old, who still takes in washing. They have been engaged eighty years, but their parents persistently refused their consent until three days ago. John Wagner is two years older than the Rhode Island veteran, and yet has never tasted a drop of liquor in his life, unless you count whisky."

HOW TO RAISE BEETS.—Take hold of the tops, and pull.

THE Gaiety Theatre advertises the appearance of Mr. Toole in two pieces. This must be a very ghastly spectacle. Poor Mr. Toole! It is to be hoped he will be able to "pull himself together again."—*Hornet*.

Elopements in California, are called *the Pacific slope*.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS suggests that "the absolutoid elementism of being echoes or re-appears by analogy within the relatoid and concretoïd elaborismus." This should be generally known.

A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it is woman, and not her wrongs, that should be *redressed*.

A friend who "did" the Colorado mountains last fall, informs us that he got as ravenous as a raven among the ravines, and sat down in one of the gorgeous gorges and gorged himself.

The strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on; and the next is to boss the job."

CHAMBER MUSIC. — Baby! — *Punch*.

## TABLE OF HONOR

*Credits for the month of March, as read on Wednesday April 3d, 1872.*

## CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- 1st Class—J. Burling, 75; J. Dunne, 100; S. Fellom, 100; J. Poujade, 90; J. Rado vich, 90; A. Veuve, 100; M. Walsh, 100.  
 2d Class—A. Bandini, 100; N. Camarillo, 75; P. De Celis, 80; R. Del Valle, 98; Alf. Den, 70; T. Morrison, 100; N. Robles, 70; R. Soto, 100; F. Trembley, 80; L. Wolter, 95; G. Pacheco, 85.  
 3d Class—A. Bell, 70; L. Camarillo, 70; R. Brenham, 70; M. Chevalier, 75; P. Cohen, 70; W. Furman, 100; A. Gaddi, 70; W. Geggus, 100; J. Goetz, 100; Alp. Den, 90; G. Martin, 100; A. McCone, 70; J. McCarthy, 80; G. Seifert, 100; J. Sax, 90; A. Pierotich, 100; P. Soto, 100; F. Murphy, 100; P. Sansevain, 70; R. Thorn, 75; G. Videau, 70; J. Wolter, 100; R. Wallace, 90; J. Walsh, 100; J. Sheridan, 100; E. Sheridan, 100.

## ETHICS.

J. T. Malone, 72.

## LOGIC.

J. C. Johnson, 97; D. G. Sullivan, 70; M. J. Walsh, 100; M. Wilson, 80.

## NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

M. Walsh, 95; F. McCusker, 96; J. C. Johnson, 70; J. S. Kennedy, 70; A. Veuve, 85; D. G. Sullivan, 80; J. M. Chretien, 75.

## CHEMISTRY.—2nd year.

M. Walsh, 90; J. C. Johnson, 89; A. Saufrignon, 90; D. G. Sullivan, 90; M. Wilson, 70.

## CHEMISTRY.—1st year.

H. Peyton, 85; A. Veuve, 80; J. Burling, 75; R. Del Valle, 70; J. Kennedy, 70; P. Yrigoyen, 70.

## MATHEMATICS

- 1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 80; J. T. Malone, 80; M. Wilson, 80.  
 2d Class—A. Veuve, 100; A. Saufrignon, 100; J. Chretien, 100; J. S. Raleigh, 100; D. G. Sullivan, 100; B. Burling, 100; L. Pinard, 90; A. Arguello, 90; J. Carrigan, 80; J. Poujade, 80; P. Yrigoyen, 90; J. Radovich, 75.  
 3d Class—G. Bull, 80; R. Del Valle, 80; C. Ebner, 99; J. Kennedy, 70; V. McClatchy, 99; F. McCusker, 99; E. Rogers, 70.

## GREEK.

- 3d Class—M. Walsh, 75.  
 5th Class—B. Tunnell, 70.

## LATIN.

- 2d Class—A. Campbell, 70.  
 3d Class—M. Walsh, 92; E. Rogers, 85; H. Peyton, 75; R. Del Valle, 70.  
 4th Class—G. Bull, 82; J. Burling, 80; C. Ebner, 81; T. Morrison, 84; L. Pinard, 83; R. Soto, 88.  
 5th Class—J. Coddington, 75; V. McClatchy, 90; J. Poujade, 78; R. Toba, 75; B. Tunnell, 90.



## RHETORIC CLASS.

English Oration, History and Geography—J. Poujade, 86; J. Raleigh, 74; M. Walsh, 100; F. McCusker 70.

## POETRY CLASS.

English Composition, History and Geography—W. Hereford, 73; J. Radovich, 70; A. Veuve, 78.

## 1st. GRAMMAR CLASS.

Composition, History and Geography—A. Bandini, 85; G. Bull, 80; P. DeCelis, 80; Wm. Den, 80; T. Durbin, 80; S. Fellom, 85; D. Furlong, 77; F. Kellogg, 85; T. Morrison, 88; R. Smith, 83; R. Soto, 88; B. Tunnell, 70; L. Wolter, 80; P. Yrigoyen, 70; C. Ebner, 80; E. Rogers, 90.

## 2d GRAMMAR CLASS.

J. Day, 70; J. Goetz 75; H. Martin, 75; N. Robles, 70; J. Sheridan 80; C. Stonesifer, 72; J. Walsh, 80; N. Camarillo, 75.

## 3d GRAMMAR CLASS.

R. Brenham, 80; S. Brown, 70; M. Chevalier, 75; P. Cohen, 70; W. Davis, 100; M. Donahue, 85; F. Murphy, 73; C. Petersen, 85; A. Pierotich, 72; J. Sax, 76; R. Spence, 70.

## FRENCH.

1st Class—R. Del Valle, 100; C. Georget, 80; J. Poujade, 70; E. Rogers, 75.

2d Class—J. Radovich, 90; T. Morrison, 80; G. Bull, 70; H. Martin, 70.

3d Class—P. Sansevain, 90; G. Videau, 75; M. Donahue, 80; J. Perrier, 83; G. Norris, 76.

## SPANISH.

1st Class—N. Camarillo, 90; S. Fellom, 90; G. Pacheco, 90; P. Soto, 90; R. Soto, 95

3d Class—N. Robles, 70.

## GERMAN.

V. McClatchy, 90; H. Pfister, 80.

## ITALIAN.

J. Bisagno. 70.

## ARITHMETIC.

1st Class—A. Bell, 90; J. Coddington, 70; S. Fellom, 90; W. Hereford, 100; F. Kellogg, 70; T. Morrison, 70; R. Smith, 90; R. Soto, 98; B. Tunnel, 100.

2d Class—W. Davis, 70; T. Durbin, 90; D. Furlong, 75; G. Flavell, 70; Jos. Goetz 80; H. Hubbard, 78; P. Sansevain, 72; J. Sheridan, 82; R. Wallace, 75; J. Walsh, 72; W. Cole, 82

3d Class—Alph. Den, 85; W. Geggus, 88; D. Kidd, 76; W. Mosson, 70; J. Nichol, 85; G. Norris, 88; C. Petersen, 80; E. Petersen, 90; J. Sanroman, 70; J. Sax, 80; C. A. Pierotich, 90; Stonesifer, 90.

## BOOK-KEEPING.

1st Class—B. Burling, 100; R. Soto, 100; F. McCusker, 95; J. Radovich, 90.

2d Class—N. Camarillo, 97; J. Bisagno, 85; A. Bandini, 97; W. Den, 85; R. Toba 70; S. Fellom, 90; Wm. Hereford, 90; W. H. Locke, 75; V. McClatchy, 99; P. Soto, 95; F. Trembley, 90; L. Wolter, 95.

3d Class—Alf. Den, 70; T. Durbin, 100; C. Ebner, 80; J. Goetz, 100; H. Martin, 70; T. Morrison, 100; J. Nichol, 80; E. Petersen, 80; A. Pierotich, 90; N. Robles, 80; P. Sansevain, 75; J. Sheridan, 100; C. Stonesifer, 100; W. Mosson, 100.

## READING AND SPELLING.

1st Class, 1st Divis.—L. Broder, 80; J. Day, 75; F. Kellogg, 92; F. Trembley, 75; H. Thompson, 82.

2d Divis.—P. Donahue, 75; C. Ebner, 92; T. Morrison, 85; P. Soto, 78; R. Soto, 80.

2nd Class—A. Bell, 80; N. Camarillo, 80; P. De Celis, 77; Alf. Den, 70; Alph. Den, 70; W. Furman, 75; W. Geggus, 75; J. Goetz, 95; H. Martin, 76; J. McCarthy, 70; A. McCone, 70; J. Nichol, 80; J. Perrier, 76; C. Petersen, 85; E. Petersen, 80; A. Pierotich, 80; B. Rogers, 70; R. Smith, 80; C. Stonesifer, 90; J. Sheridan, 81; R. Thorn, 80; L. Wolter, 85; J. B. Chretien, 75; R. Enright, 79; W. Lane, 70.

3d Class—J. Auzeraiz, 70; A. Bell, 71; L. Camarillo, 70; W. Davis, 100; R. Dela Vega, 80; C. Georget, 75; E. Hall, 80; F. Murphy, 80; G. Norris, 80; J. Norris, 70; J. Sanroman, 70; J. Sax, 70; E. Sheridan, 72; J. Wolter, 80; E. Underwood, 70; G. Trenought, 70; J. Wilson, 70; C. Arguello, 72; J. Enright, 70; P. Hill, 70; P. McGovern, 85; J. Scully, 70.

## ELOCUTION.

1st Class—H. Peyton, 71; J. Poujade, 77; J. Raleigh, 74.

2d Class—V. McClatchy, 85; A. Veuve, 80; W. Marshall, 92; J. Radovich, 70.

3d Class—S. Fellom, 70; T. Morrison, 70; L. Wolter, 70.

5th Class—W. Davis, 70; M. Donahue, 70; W. Furman, 75; W. Geggus, 80; F. Murphy, 70; C. Petersen, 72.

## PENMANSHIP.

1st Class—A. Bandini, 77; J. Barrenechea, 72; N. Camarillo, 88; A. W. Den, 88; S. Fellom, 76; J. Judd, 76; F. Kellogg, 88; T. Morrison, 90; G. Pacheco, 78; R. Soto, 90; P. Soto, 90; R. Smith, 73; J. Thompson, 73; R. Del Valle, 71; L. Wolter, 85.

2d Class—W. Geggus, 70; E. Hall, 70; G. Norris, 73; J. Norris, 73; A. Pierotich, 77; E. Petersen, 78; R. Thorn, 80; G. Videau, 78.

3d Class—A. Bell, 70; G. Elems, 70; J. Goetz, 72; A. J. McCone, 76; F. Murphy, 76; J. Sheridan, 72; E. Sheridan, 75; C. Stonesifer, 70; R. Spencer, 71.

## LINEAR DRAWING.

A. Arguello, 75; V. McClatchy, 90; J. M. Chretien, 75; P. Donahue, 70; P. Sansevain, 75; G. Seifert, 75; G. Videau, 70; J. Redondo, 70.

## FIGURE DRAWING.

H. Pfister, 70; J. Sanroman, 75.

## VIOLIN.

J. Burling, 80.

## PIANO.

1st Class—R. Bowie, 80; C. Ebner, 75; N. Camarillo, 70.

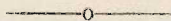
2d Class—V. Vidauretta, 90; H. Christin, 80.

## FLUTE.

R. Smith, 90.

## BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

C. Georget, 70.



[Classes of the PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT are omitted.]

Highest number of credits given, 100. Recipients of 70 and over only mentioned



RECORD AND COMMENT

The first of the week was a day of great interest to the people of this city. The weather was fine and the people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

The second day of the week was also a day of great interest. The people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

The third day of the week was also a day of great interest. The people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

The fourth day of the week was also a day of great interest. The people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

The fifth day of the week was also a day of great interest. The people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

The sixth day of the week was also a day of great interest. The people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

The seventh day of the week was also a day of great interest. The people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

The eighth day of the week was also a day of great interest. The people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

The ninth day of the week was also a day of great interest. The people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

The tenth day of the week was also a day of great interest. The people were out in great numbers to see the new building of the City of New York. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture and is well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. It is a credit to the city and to the people who have built it.

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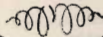
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